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Riddling Mask & the Lords of Bane









Chapter 1 by H Wehland

Synthetic music thrums through the cramped room, upright bases that are entirely for show spinning and thwacking in the corner of the room where a band of musicians would normally be. Night has just fallen, and everyone looking for an escape from the day has found their way to the seedy, alcohol drenched Oldhorse Pub.

To the untrained eye, the room is filled with drunkards and denizens of the night. Any selfrespecting lady or gentleman wouldn't be caught dead in here. But for those who know its secret, this place is a haven.

It has been two months since the Lords of Bane decreed the citizens of Old Chapel adopt their new religion. This religion not only installed a new god—Siv, the god of prosperity—but also created laws which all but crippled the inventors of Old Chapel. By outlawing the use or ownership of aether by those without a license, the laws forced the people of Old Chapel to bring all blueprints for inventions to the newly elected Reviewers for permission to build. Few, however, ever got past this stage. The unscrupulous Reviewers would take these ideas straight to their own collection of inventors to be built and sold instead.

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